

MR. CHEEVER'S LECTURES
ON THE
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS,
AND ON
THE LIFE AND TIMES
OF
JOHN BUNYAN.

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BUNYAN AND HIS TIMES.

Historical sketch of the period.—Bunyan's contemporaries.—His boyhood and convictions of sin.—The Providence and Grace of God illustrated in his life and conversion.—The characters he met with.—His Evangelist.—His spiritual and intellectual discipline.—Necessity of experimental piety, for a full appreciation and understanding of the Pilgrim's Progress.

IF a man were to look about the world, or over all the world's history, for that one of his race, in whose life there should be found the completest illustration of the providence and grace of God, he could hardly fix upon a more perfect instance, than that of John Bunyan. The detailed biography of this man I shall not attempt to present, in so short a sketch as that to which I must of necessity confine myself. But there are points in his life, where the Divine Providence is unfolded so gloriously, and junctures where the Divine grace comes out so clearly and so brightly, that nothing could be more simple, beautiful, and deeply interesting, than their illustration. On some of these points I shall dwell, premising, in order to a right view of them, a rapid but important glance at the age in which he lived.

It was an age of great revolutions, great excitement, great genius, great talent; great extremes

both in good and evil; great piety and great wickedness; great freedom and great tyranny and oppression. Under Cromwell there was great liberty and prosperity; under the Charleses there was great oppression and disgrace. Bunyan's life, continuing from 1628 to 1688, embraces the most revolutionary and stirring period in English history. There pass before the mind within this period the oppressive reign of Charles First; the characters of Laud and Strafford; the star chamber, and the king's tyrannical men, courts, and measures; the noble defence of liberty in the house of Commons; Hampden and Pym; the war between the King and Parliament; the king's defeat, and death upon the scaffold; the glorious protectorate of Cromwell, few years, but grand and prosperous, a freedom and prosperity united, such as England had never known; then comes the hasty, unconditional restoration of a Prince who cared for nothing but his own pleasure, the dissolute, tyrannical reign of Charles Second, one of the most promising, lying, unprincipled, worthless, selfish, corrupted and corrupting kings that ever sat upon the throne of England; in the terribly severe language of the Edinburgh Review, a king, "who superseded the reign of the saints by the reign of strumpets; who was crowned in his youth with the Covenant in his hand, and died with the Host sticking in his throat, after a life spent in dawdling suspense between Hobbism and Popery"; a king and a reign, of which one of the grand climacterics in wickedness embraced the royal murders of the noble patriots Russell and Algernon Sydney; immortal be their names, and honored ever be

their memories ; a reign the very beginning of which, threw John Bunyan into prison, and produced a Bartholomew's day to thousands of the conscientious ministers of the Church of England.

The king's reign from the time of the restoration, began in contempt of all religion, and continued in debauchery and drunkenness. Even those persons who may have taken their views of the history of this period simply from the pages of Hume, may, if they will look narrowly, gather so much as this. "Agreeable to the present prosperity of public affairs," says Hume, "was the universal joy and festivity diffused throughout the nation. The melancholy austerity of the fanatics fell into discredit, together with their principles. The royalists, who had ever affected a contrary disposition, found in their recent success new motives for mirth and gayety ; and it now belonged to them to give repute and fashion to their manners. From past experience it had sufficiently appeared that gravity was very distinct from wisdom, formality from virtue, and hypocrisy from religion. The king himself, who bore a strong propensity to pleasure, served, by his powerful and engaging example, to banish those sour and malignant humors, which had hitherto engendered such confusion. And though the just bounds were undoubtedly passed, when once returned from their former extreme, yet was the public happy in exchanging vices, pernicious to society, for disorders, hurtful chiefly to the individuals themselves who were guilty of them."

This means simply that the nation, under the example of the king and the royalists, having thrown

off the *vices* and vicious restraints of gravity, formality and hypocrisy, so generally pernicious to society, became almost entirely abandoned to the more individual "*disorders*" of profligacy and sensual licentiousness. They were happy in exchanging "those sour and malignant humors" for the more luscious and generous qualities of sin. The restoration, says Bishop Burnet, brought with it the throwing off the very professions of virtue and piety; and all ended in entertainments and drunkenness, which overran the three kingdoms.

As the reign began so it continued; and it was a period, when just such men, as God had been preparing in the case of Bunyan, were most needed; just such men also, as he had ready in Baxter, Owen, Howe, and a multitude of others, perhaps quite equal in piety, though not so distinguished as these. So was fulfilled the great principle, that when the Enemy cometh in like a flood, then the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him.

As to the measures of this reign for the destruction of religious liberty, with which more especially we are now concerned, it opened with what is called the Corporation Act, by which, in defiance of all the king's previous stipulations, all persons, whose religious principles constrained them conscientiously to refuse conformity to the established Episcopal Church, were at once expelled and excluded from every branch of the magistracy, and rendered incapable of serving their country in the meanest civil offices.

Next followed the memorable statute against the Society of Friends, by which upwards of four thou-

sand persons were cast into prison for their religious scruples, and treated with the utmost cruelty, with even a savage barbarity.

In the second year of this reign, 1662, came the Act of Uniformity, suppressing by force, all diversity of religious opinions, imposing the book of Common Prayer, and reviving for this purpose the whole terrific penal laws of preceding reigns. This was to take effect from the feast day of St. Bartholomew, in 1662; the day of a former well-known dreadful massacre of Protestants in Paris, and other French cities, the 24th of August, 1572, nearly a hundred years previous; and a day, on which more than two thousand conscientious ministers were silenced, ejected from their pulpits, and thrown into persecution and poverty. For these men to preach, or conduct public worship, was made a penal offence against the state; and among these men are such names as those of Owen, Bates, Manton, Goodwin, Baxter and Howe; towards whom that very cruelty was enacted by the Established Church of England, which in the case of the Jewish Church, is said to have filled up the measure of its crimes, and prepared the Jewish people for the Divine vengeance; "forbidding the apostles to speak to the Gentiles, that they might be saved." No matter how holy, nor how eminently useful the body of the non-conforming clergy might be; the act would have passed, it has truly been said, though the measure had involved the eternal misery of half the nation.

Of this act Hume himself says; (and I like to take authorities, of which it may be said, *our enemies themselves being judges*;) Hume himself says

that in it the Church party gladly laid hold of the prejudices (the conscientious scruples) which prevailed among the Presbyterians, "in order to eject them from their livings. By the Bill of Uniformity it was required that every clergyman should be re-ordained, if he had not before received Episcopal ordination; should declare his assent to every thing contained in the Book of Common Prayer; should take the oath of canonical obedience; should abjure the solemn league and covenant; and should renounce the principle of taking arms, on any pretence whatsoever, against the king. This bill reinstated the Church in the same condition in which it stood before the commencement of the civil wars; and as the old persecuting laws of Elizabeth still subsisted in their full vigor, and new clauses of a like nature were now enacted, all the king's promises of toleration and of indulgence to tender consciences, were thereby eluded and broken." The same historian observes that the ecclesiastical form of government, according to the Presbyterian discipline, is "more favorable to *liberty* than to *royal power*;" and hence the readiness of Charles to break all promises of tolerance which he had made for the gaining of the throne, and to produce an iron uniformity of ecclesiastical subjection, in which he might break down all the defences raised against regal encroachments. The spirit of religious liberty always has been, and ever must be, the world's greatest safeguard against the oppression of political tyranny.

Two years after this statute came the memorable Conventicle Act, in 1664. It was found that these holy clergymen, though banished from their own

pulpits, would preach, and that people would hear; preach any where, and hear any where; in dens and caves of the earth, in barns and private houses, so it were but the Gospel. To put a stop to this, and to extirpate all public worship, not within the walls of Episcopal consecration, the barbarous statute of a preceding reign was declared in force, which condemned all persons refusing to attend the public worship appointed by the State to banishment: and in case of return, to death without benefit of clergy. It was then enacted that if any person should be present at any assembly, conventicle or meeting, under color or pretence of any exercise of religion in other manner than is allowed by the liturgy or practise of the church of England; or if any person shall suffer any such meeting in his house, barn, yard, woods, or grounds; they should, for the first and second offence, be thrown into jail or fined; for the third offence, transported for seven years, or fined a hundred pounds; and in case of return or escape after such transportation, death, without benefit of clergy! Troops of horse and foot were on the alert, to break up such meetings; the ravages and forfeitures for this crime of religious worship according to conscience, became very great; the jails were filled with prisoners; others were transported as convicts; other whole families emigrated, informers were multiplied, and the defence and security of life, liberty and property, in the trial by jury, were broken down.

Next came the Great Plague, in which the non-conformist clergy, having before been driven from their pulpits by power of persecution, the esta-

blished clergy fled from theirs through fear of death. But when men fled, who feared death more than God, then those men entered their places, who feared nothing but God. They came, those same persecuted and silenced clergy, when the court and parliament had removed to Oxford, and the hirelings had fled from their flocks, they came, in defiance of law and contagion, and ministered the bread of life to pale multitudes, at altars, from which they would have been driven with penal inflictions in the season of health. But this too must be stopped; and therefore, by this very parliament sitting in Oxford, through fear of the plague in London, and to shut out those men, who entered with the Gospel where others dared not enter, a fresh penal law was enacted, by which, unless they would take an oath, that the Earl of Southampton declared in parliament no honest man could take, all non-conformist ministers were banished five miles from any city, town or borough, that sent members to Parliament, and five miles from any place whatsoever, where they had, at any time, in a number of years past, preached. This savage act produced, of course, great suffering, but it also called into exercise great endurance and patience, for Christ's sake. Ministers who would not sacrifice their duty to God and their people, and who had to be concealed at a distance, sometimes rode thirty or forty miles, to preach to their flocks in the night, fleeing again from their persecutors before the dawn of day.

In 1670, the barbarous Conventicle Act was renewed with still greater severity, the trial by jury

in case of offenders was destroyed, no warrant to be reversed by reason of any default in the form, persons to be seized wherever they could be found, informers encouraged and rewarded, and justices punished, who would not execute the law. Archbishop Sheldon addressed a circular letter to all the bishops of his province, commanding them to take notice of all offenders, and to aid in bringing them to punishment. The Bishop of Peterborough declared publicly concerning this law, that "It hath done its business against all fanatics, except the Quakers; but when the parliament sits again, a stronger law will be made, not only to take away their lands and goods, *but also to sell them for bond-slaves.*" The magistracy became, it has been truly remarked, under this law, an encouragement to *evil doers*, and a punishment of those *who did well*.

We shall pursue no further the history of political and ecclesiastical cruelty in this arbitrary persecuting reign. It is enough to make the very name of the union of church and state abhorred in the mind of every man, who has a spark of generosity or freedom in his composition. Thus much was absolutely necessary to illustrate the life of Bunyan, and the providence and grace of God in the age were God placed him. It was an age for the formation and intrepid action of great minds; it was also an age for the development of apostolic piety, and endurance of suffering, on the part of men and ministers who chose to obey God rather than man. If great qualities and great capacities of virtue existed, there were great flames

to try them ; sharp tools and terrible, to cut and polish the hidden jewels of the Saviour.

Into this age Bunyan was thrown ; a great pearl, sunk in deep and troubled waters, out of which God's Spirit would, in due time, draw it, and place it in a setting, where its glorious lustre should attract the admiration of the world. There were along with him great men, and men of great piety, both in the established church and out of it. He was born in the village of Elstow, in the year 1628, thirty years after the death of Spenser, twelve years after the death of Shakspeare, when Milton was in his twentieth year, and three years before the birth of Dryden. Bunyan's life and times were also Baxter's, Baxter being but thirteen years the oldest. Bunyan died in 1688, Milton in 1674, Baxter in 1691. Owen was another contemporary, 1616—1683. John Howe was another, born 1630. Phillip Henry was another, born 1631. The sweet poet George Herbert should be named as another. Matthew Poole was another, born 1623. Thomas Goodwin was another, born in 1600. Lord Chief Justice Hale was another, born in 1609. Cudworth was born in 1617 ; Henry More was born in 1614, and died in 1687, a year before the death of Bunyan ; Archbishop Usher and Bishop Hall both of them died in 1656. Taking these names together, you have a striking picture of the great richness of the age, both in piety and genius ; an ascending series of great minds and good men from every rank and party.

But, for complete originality of genius, Bunyan, all things considered, stands foremost amongst

them all. The form of his work, the nature of the subject, and its creation so completely out of the depths of his own soul, unaided by learning or art, place it before every other uninspired production. Without the teaching of the Spirit of God, the genius of the poet, though he were Shakspeare himself, could no more have portrayed the inward life of the soul by external images and allegories, than a man born blind could paint the moon and the stars, the flowers, the forests, and the foliage. The education of Bunyan was an education for eternity, under the power of the Bible and the schooling of the Holy Spirit. This is all that the pilgrims in this world really need, to make them good, great, powerful. But, set aside the Bible, and in Bunyan's education there was not one of the elements, out of which the genius and learning of his contemporaries gathered strength and richness. Baxter was not, any more than Bunyan, a child of the universities; but Baxter's intellect was sharpened by a great exercise with the schoolmen; though, even if this discipline had been entirely wanting in Baxter's development, the result, on the whole, might not have been less happy, nay, it might have been richer. He would not have preached with less fervor, nor less scriptural power and beauty; and, though he might not have been so keen a disputant, so subtle a casuist, yet we cannot believe that his *Saint's Rest* would have lost one ray of its heavenly glory. Neither would the *Pilgrim's Progress* have gained in its beauty or its truth,—it would have lost in both,—had Bunyan's soul been steeped

in that scholastic discipline, without which, the learned Selden used to say, a divine knows nothing logically ; just as if the Bible were not the best logic in the world ! Bunyan never heard of Thomas Aquinas, it is true, and he scarcely knew the philosophical meaning of the word Logic any more than a breathing child, whose pulse beats freely, knows the place of its heart, or the movement of its lungs ; but Bunyan wrote the *Pilgrim's Progress*, for all that ; which, indeed, is itself the sweet logic of Celestial Love.

Bunyan's own life is an illustration of the guidance of Divine Providence, as clearly as his *Pilgrim's Progress* is a delineation of the work of the Divine Spirit. And perhaps the Providence of God, in the education of this man, may be traced quite as distinctly in the things from which he shut out Bunyan's soul, in order to prepare him for his mission, as in the influences by which he surrounded him. The fountains from which he was prevented drinking, though other men drank to the full, and almost worshipped the springs, it was better to keep sealed from his soul, if the pure river of the water of life was to flow through his pages. This peculiarity of his training fitted him to be one of the most original writers in the world. Almost the only books Bunyan ever read, at least before he wrote the *Pilgrim's Progress*, were the Bible, the Book of Martyrs, a copy of Luther on Galatians, and two volumes, the *Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven*, and the *Practice of Piety*, which formed the marriage portion of his wife. Fox's old Book of Martyrs had, next to the Bible, a great and thrilling power over Bunyan's spirit.

Bunyan has given an account of his own conversion and life, especially of the workings of the grace of God, and the guidance of his providence, in a little work entitled *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*. It is powerfully written, though with extreme and studied plainness; and almost all the material obtained and worked into various shapes by his various biographers was gained in that book. It is deeply interesting, and in following its delineation I shall mark some successive particulars, in which the providence and grace of God are clearly illustrated, and which, on a comparison with the *Pilgrim's Progress*, make it evident at once that in that work Bunyan was following his own experience, and that in such experience God was so ordering all things as to fit Bunyan for that work.

As you read the *Grace Abounding* you are ready to say at every step, Here is the future author of *Pilgrim's Progress*. It is as if you stood beside some great sculptor, and watched every movement with his chisel, having had his design described to you beforehand, so that at every blow some new trait of beauty in the future statue comes clearly into view. In the *Grace Abounding* you see at every step the work of the Divine Artist on one of the most precious living stones, that ever his wisdom and mercy selected in this world to shine in the glory of his living temple. Nay, to lay aside every figure but that employed by the Holy Spirit, you see the refiner's fire, and the crucible, and the gold in it, and the Heavenly Refiner himself sitting by it, and bending over it, and

carefully removing the dross, and tempering the heat, and watching and waiting for his own perfect image. How beautiful, how sacred, how solemn, how interesting, how thrilling the process !

But with Bunyan it begins in dreams. Would you think it ? Indeed it is no illusion, but the very beginning of God's refining work on Bunyan's soul. The future dreamer for others was himself visited with dreams, and this is the first point which I mark, where the providence and grace of God are illustrated together ; for it is the first point which Bunyan himself has noted down, after describing the iniquity of his childhood, "in cursing, swearing, lying, and blaspheming the holy name of God." "Yea," says he, "so settled and rooted was I in these things, that they became as a second nature to me ; the which, as I have also with soberness considered since, did so offend the Lord, that even in my childhood he did scare and affrighten me with fearful dreams, and did terrify me with fearful visions. For often after I had spent this and the other day in sin, I have in my bed been greatly afflicted while asleep, with the apprehensions of devils and wicked spirits, who still, as I then thought, labored to draw me away with them, of which I never could be rid." If now you would have a glimpse of the nature of these terrifying dreams, with which Bunyan's sinful childhood was visited, you have only to turn to your *Pilgrim's Progress*, and there read the powerful description of the last sight shown to Christian in the House of the Interpreter. There you have the manner in which, even in Bunyan's childish soul, his partly awa-

kened conscience, with his vivid imagination, and the word and the Spirit of God, wrestled together. And now, before leaving this point for another, let me call your attention to a text strikingly illustrative of it, which I marvel that Bunyan himself had not used, to which none of his biographers, that I am aware of, save one, in dwelling upon this early experience, have referred, but which, in the unconverted state of a man, made afterwards by God's grace so signally useful, receives, as well as reflects, a very striking illustration. It is that remarkable passage in Job, where the Divine Spirit is recounting the discipline of God with his creatures for the salvation of their souls. "For God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed, then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction ; that he may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man." You may find this in the thirty-third chapter, and the whole is worthy of studying. Bunyan not only in his childhood, but all his life, was made the subject of such discipline.

The next point which I shall select as an illustration of Divine Providence in Bunyan's life, sets us down with him in the parliamentary army, as a soldier. It was probably in 1645, at the siege of Leicester. He was drawn to be one of the besiegers ; but when he was just ready to go upon this perilous service, one of the company desired to go in his room ; "to which," says Bunyan, "when I had consented, he took my place ; and coming to the siege, as he stood sentinel, he was shot in the

head with a musket bullet, and died." At this time he was seventeen years of age. "Here," says Bunyan, "were judgments and mercy, but neither of them did awaken my soul to righteousness; wherefore I sinned still, and grew more and more rebellious against God, and careless of my own salvation." The providence of God in Bunyan's case was wonderfully similar to the instances recorded in the early life of John Newton; so were the recklessness and habits of profaneness, in which, notwithstanding these remarkable interpositions, he still persisted.

The next important point is Bunyan's marriage, at the time of which event he could not have been more than nineteen years of age. Upon this point we would not lay so much stress as to say with some, that it constituted Bunyan's salvation; but it was certainly a great step towards it. Being with a woman, who had received from a godly father a religious education, it gave him a quiet, well-ordered home; and through the instrumentality of two excellent books, which his wife brought to him as her only marriage portion, (the *Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven*, and the *Practice of Piety*,) it begat in him some desires to reform his vicious life. He and his wife would read together in these books, and then young Mrs. Bunyan would bring her own recollections of the godly life of her father in aid of her husband's better impulses. All these things together wrought upon him for an external reformation at least, and produced certain church-going habits to fall in, as Bunyan says, "very eagerly with the religion of the

times ; to wit, to go to church twice a day, and that too with the foremost ; and there should very devoutly both say and sing, as others did, yet retaining my wicked life ; but withal I was so overrun with the spirit of superstition, that I adored, and that with great devotion, even all things, both the high place, priest, clerk, vestment-service, and what else, belonging to the church ; counting all things holy that were therein contained, and especially the priest and clerk most happy, and without doubt greatly blessed.” “ This conceit grew so strong in a little time upon my spirit, that, had I but seen a priest, though never so sordid and debauched in his life, I should find my spirit fall under him, reverence him, and knit unto him ; yea, I thought for the love I did bear unto them, supposing they were the ministers of God, I could have laid down at their feet, and have been trampled on by them ; their name, their garb and work did so intoxicate and bewitch me.”

This stage in Bunyan's experience is exceedingly curious and instructive ; his mind seems to have been in that state of bondage, which we call *priest-ridden* ; heartily as he afterwards hated the pope, it would not have taken much, at this time, to have carried him completely over to Rome. Had he lived in our day, with such an experience, he would assuredly have made what some might be disposed to call a thorough-going Puseyite. Such was the intoxicating effect of the glare of religious formalism upon his soul, that he adored, and that with great devotion, all things belonging to the church. Mark the phraseology, and see if it does not wonderfully cha-

racterize some in our day. He did not adore God, but the church, and the things in it, and the forms of it, its altar, priest, clerk, vestments. Never was described more to the life that sentimental mixture of superstition and devotion, which, borrowing something from the Spirit, but bewildered and carried into ecstasies by the beauty of religious rites, rests in and worships, not the Saviour, but the form. In this state of mind, if Bunyan had seen a babe baptized, the holy water and the white robe of the priest, and the sign of the cross would have made a much deeper impression on his soul, than the name of Father, Son and Holy Ghost, named upon an immortal spirit. And now mark the intimate connection between this ecstatic reverence for priests and forms, and the belief that church membership, though merely by the apostolical succession of birth, constitutes salvation. Bunyan, finding in Scripture that the Israelites were once the peculiar people of God, concluded that if he could be found to have sprang from that race, his soul must needs be happy. He asked his father about it, but received an answer which destroyed all his hopes, for neither he nor his family were of the lineage of Israel.

It has been conjectured from this passage, that Bunyan's family were Gypsies, and that this was the reason why he asked his father if they were not descended from the Israelites, intending, if he found they were so descended, to have considered himself as belonging to the only true church, and all the rest of the world as entitled only to God's uncovenanted mercies, that is, to remediless perdition. There is no knowing to what extreme this

state of mind might have carried Bunyan, had it lasted. As it was, it gave him an insight into the nature, power and danger of formalism, which nothing else could have taught him, neither discipline nor instruction. For all this while, he says, I was not sensible of the danger and evil of sin ; I was kept from considering that sin would damn me, whatsoever religion I followed, unless I was found in Christ ; nay, I never thought of him, nor whether there were such an one or no." There is no telling, I say, what might have been the end of this in Bunyan's soul ; but now comes,—

A fourth point, specially illustrating the providence and grace of God, namely, a sermon which Bunyan heard on the holiness of the Sabbath, and the evil of breaking it. This ran directly athwart one of Bunyan's besetting sins ; for notwithstanding his thorough Churchism, he says he took much delight in all manner of vice, and did solace himself especially therewith on the Sabbath day. He went home from this sermon to his dinner with a great load upon his conscience, but he soon shook it off, and after dinner went out with all zest to his sports and gaming. As suddenly as a miracle his convictions returned upon him. That very same day, as he was "in the midst of a game of cat, and having struck it one blow from the hole, just as I was about to strike it the second time a voice did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said, Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell ? At this I was put to an exceeding amaze ; wherefore, leaving my cat upon the ground, I looked up to

heaven, and was as if I had seen with the eyes of my understanding, the Lord Jesus looking down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me, and as if he did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for these and other ungodly practices.”

“I had no sooner thus conceived in my mind, but suddenly this conclusion was fastened upon my spirit, (for the former hint did set my sins again before my face,) that I had been a great and grievous sinner, and that it was now too late for me to look after heaven; for Christ would not forgive me, nor pardon my transgressions. Then I fell to musing on this also; and while I was thinking of it, and fearing lest it should be so, I felt my heart sink in despair, concluding it was too late; and therefore I resolved in my mind to go on in sin: for, thought I, if the case be thus, my state is surely miserable; miserable if I leave my sins, and but miserable if I follow them; I can but be damned, and if I must be so, I had as good be damned for many sins, as damned for few. Thus I stood, in the midst of my play, before all that then were present; but yet I told them nothing; but I say, having made this conclusion, I returned desperately to my sport again. The good Lord, whose mercy is unsearchable, forgive my transgressions!”

We should like to see a picture by the hand of a master, representing Bunyan in the midst of his game of cat, arrested thus suddenly by the fire of conviction flashing up in his soul, and thrown into this appalling revery in the midst of his wondering companions, with the thoughts of his past life, and

of the coming judgment, flying through his awakened mind swifter than the lightning. What a scene was this, and how little could Bunyan's merry playmates have imagined the commotion in his soul! This rapid crowded moment must have been as a year to Bunyan; it was like those dreams, in which the soul lives a life-time in an hour. The words that were kindled with such power in Bunyan's conscience, that he seemed to hear them, may have been spoken to him in the very sermon to which he listened in the morning. But returning desperately from this dream of conscience to his sport, he shook off his convictions, resisted the Holy Ghost, and afterwards fell to cursing and swearing, and playing the madman at such a fearful rate, that even wicked people were astonished at him.

On one occasion, while he was garnishing his discourses, as he termed it, with oaths at the beginning and the end, an abandoned woman, who stood by, severely reproved him, and told his companions to quit his conversation, or he would make them as bad as himself. This strange and unexpected reproof of the bold blasphemer reached the child's heart, that still lived within him. He stood by the shop-window, and hung his head in silence; and the language, in which he has told the effect of this rebuke upon him, is a most exquisitely beautiful revelation of the simplicity of his nature, yet undestroyed amidst all his evil habits. "While I stood there," says he, "I wished with all my heart that I might be a little child again, that my father might learn me to speak without this wicked way of swearing." He thought himself so accustomed to

it that he could not leave it off ; but he did from that moment.

Bunyan's character was not unlike that of Peter. They seem both to have been profane swearers ; for the sudden outbreak of this devil in Peter, at the time of his denial of Christ, we take to be the reproduction of an early habit, and not a new one, assumed for the moment. The change wrought by divine grace in the character of Peter, of Bunyan, and of Christian in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, seems marvellously similar. Southey has observed, apparently by way of some excuse for the arrest of Bunyan by the Establishment, that his office of preaching might well be deemed incompatible with his calling. Perhaps the poet and historian had forgotten, or might never have had his attention directed to a passage, which he could have found in the Acts of the Apostles, descriptive of the early teachers and preachers of christianity : "And because he was of the same craft, he abode with them and wrought : for by their occupation they were tent-makers." John Bunyan had no more need to be ashamed of his temporal, than of his spiritual calling ; nor was there any such inconsistency between the two, as could form the most distant shadow of justification to a persecuting hierarchy for forbidding him to speak, in the name of Christ, to the people. Indeed, had the tinker of Bedford been pursuing his humble occupation when Matthew, Peter and John were upon earth, his was a character of such native elements, that he might have been chosen as one of their associates in the work of the primitive Gospel

ministry. Our Saviour committed the Gospel to unlearned, but not to ignorant men; and Bunyan, though illiterate, was not ignorant; no man is so, who, believing with the heart in him who is the Light of the World, beholds Spiritual Realities, and acts with reference to them. "The fears," says Mr. Coleridge in his *Aids to Reflection*, "the hopes, the remembrances, the anticipations, the inward and outward experience, the belief and the faith of a Christian, form of themselves a philosophy and a sum of knowledge, which a life spent in the grove of Academus or the painted Porch, could not have attained or collected."

The fifth point which I shall mention as illustrating both the providence and grace of God in preparing Bunyan for his great work, not only in converting his soul, and fitting him for the ministry, but in preparing him for the painting of that beautiful map of the divine life in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, is the succession of characters he met with in his own experience. He worked his way, you are well aware, by the Spirit of God, out of the ignorance and vice by which he was surrounded, against much opposition, and with very little aid from any of his fellow creatures. And yet, all along in his own experience, you meet the germ of those characters afterwards so fully developed, so vigorously painted, in the progress of his pilgrim. His mind was as a magic lantern, or camera obscura, through which every form and figure that fell upon it was revealed again in glowing life and beauty on the canvass. The first that I shall name is his own Mr. Legality, who however after-

wards, became in Bunyan's words, a devilish ranter, giving himself over to all manner of sin and wickedness. Under the influence of this man, and his pleasant talk of the scriptures and the matter of religion, Bunyan, like his own Christian at first setting out, went to Mount Sinai. "Wherefore," he says, "I fell to some outward reformation, both in my words and life, and did set the commandments before me for my way to heaven; which commandments I also did strive to keep, and, as I thought, did keep them pretty well sometimes, and then I should have comfort; yet now and then should break one, and so afflict my conscience; but then I should repent, and say I was sorry for it, and promised God to do better next time, and then got help again; for then I thought I pleased God as well as any man in England. Thus I continued about a year; all which time our neighbors did take me to be a very godly man, a new and religious man, and did marvel much to see such a great and famous alteration in my life and manners, and indeed so it was, though I knew not Christ, nor grace, nor faith, nor hope; for, as I have well since seen, had I then died, my state had then been most fearful."

"But I say my neighbors were amazed at this my great conversion from prodigious profaneness to something like a moral life; and truly so they well might; for this my conversion was as great, as for Tom of Bedlam to become a sober man. Now therefore they began to praise, to commend, and to speak well of me, both to my face and behind my back. Now I was, as they said, be-

come godly ; now I was become a right honest man. But oh, when I understood these were their words and opinions of me, it pleased me mighty well. For though as yet I was nothing but a poor painted hypocrite, yet I loved to be talked of as one that was truly godly. I was proud of my godliness, and indeed I did all I did, either to be seen of, or to be well spoken of by men ; and thus I continued for about a twelvemonth, or more."

Here he was, according to Mr. Worldly Wiseman's directions, under Mount Sinai. But now the mountain began to quake and thunder at a dreadful rate, and flames came out of it, and threatened to consume him. He saw more of this afterwards ; " But, poor wretch as I was," he says, " I was all this while ignorant of Jesus Christ, and going about to establish my own righteousness, and had perished therein, had not God in mercy showed me more of my own state by nature."

At this very time, one of the happiest impulses and most remarkable helps he ever received in his spiritual conflicts, came from the conversation of three or four godly women sitting at a door in the sun, and talking joyfully of the things of God. Bunyan, busy at his occupation, drew near and listened like a child to all they said. " Methought," he says, " they spake as if joy did make them speak. They spake with much pleasantness of scripture language, and with such appearance of grace in all they said, that they were to me as if I had found a new world ; as if they

were a people that dwelt alone, and were not to be reckoned among their neighbors." These holy, happy women, sitting in the sun, may have dwelt as a sun-lit picture in Bunyan's imagination, till the vision was transfigured into that beautiful incident of the 'Three Shining Ones, who met Christian at the Cross, and gave him his robe and his roll. There were other incidents also, and lights in his experience, which contributed to form that picture; for Bunyan's was that great quality of genius, as well as of piety, which all unconsciously generalizes, and then combines into unity, even the most distant and separate events and experiences, that have a secret affinity, that spring from one principle or cause. The conversation of these holy, happy women, who evidently possessed an experience, such as he knew nothing of, set Bunyan at this time to questioning his own condition, and gave him an insight into the wickedness of his own heart, and the nature of true religion, and produced in him a longing desire after its blessedness, such as he never before possessed. The state and happiness of these poor people presented a lovely vision to him; and at length, after much conflict and inward temptation, he was persuaded to break his mind to them, and tell them his condition. And here he found sweet sympathy and guidance, for they were humble, happy, kind-hearted Christians, and as soon as they heard Bunyan's recital of his troubles, they ran and told their pastor, Mr. Gifford, about him, and with how much joy, we may well conceive. We may, perhaps, be reminded by these holy happy women of

the three heavenly maidens, Prudence, Piety and Charity, whose discourse with Christian was so rich, who showed him the rarities of the House Beautiful, and who placed him for rest in a large upper chamber, whose windows opened to the sun-rising ; the name of the chamber was Peace, where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang.

And now came a new and blessed era in his religious life, for this "holy Mr. Gifford" was a remarkable man, a man of deep piety and joy, and well prepared, by his own spiritual conflicts, to guide Bunyan through his. This man took Bunyan under his careful charge, and invited him to his house, where he could hear him converse with others about the dealings of God with their souls. This man was, indeed, the original of that delightful portrait of Evangelist in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, a character drawn from real life, being such an one as met Bunyan himself on his wandering way from the City of Destruction, "and expounded unto him the way of God more perfectly." Of this man, Bunyan afterwards says, "I sat under the ministry of holy Mr. Gifford, whose doctrine, by God's grace, was much for my stability. This man made it much his business to deliver the people of God from all those hard and unsound tests, that by nature we are prone to. He would bid us take special heed that we took not up any truth upon trust, as from this or that, or any other man or men ; but cry mightily to God that he would convince us of the reality thereof, and set us down therein, by his own Spirit in the holy word ; for, said he, if you do otherwise, when temptation

comes, if strongly upon you, you not having received them with evidence from heaven, will find you want that help and strength now to resist, which once you thought you had." 'This, Bunyan says, was "as seasonable to my soul as the former and latter rain in their season." The Spirit of God led Bunyan to act according to these directions; and this was, as we shall see, one great cause of his wonderful power in the scriptures.

Into this Baptist Church of Christ, under this holy pastor, Bunyan was received in the year 1653, when about twenty-five years of age. And now having traced him to this point, let me say a word in regard to that work, the Grace Abounding, from which I have drawn my illustrations of Divine Providence and grace in Bunyan's life. I cannot close without recommending it to the very careful perusal of all, who would have a deeper relish and more thorough understanding of the beauties of the Pilgrim's Progress. It is a marvellous book, and cannot but be a precious book to every soul that reads it with a sober, prayerful spirit. Its pages are, next to the Pilgrim's Progress, invaluable. It is condensed, severe, and naked in its style, beneath the pent fire of Bunyan's feelings, and the pressure of his conscience, forbidding him to seek for beauty. He says of it himself; "I could have stepped into a style much higher than this, in which I have here discoursed, and could have adorned all things more than I have seemed to do; but I dare not. God did not play in tempting of me; neither did I play when the pangs of hell caught hold upon me, wherefore I may not play in relating of them; but be plain

and simple, and lay down the thing as it was. He that liketh it, let him receive it ; and he that doth not, let him produce a better." The very extreme plainness of this work, adds to its power ; never was the inward life of any being depicted with more vehement and burning language ; it is an intensely interesting description of the workings of a mind of the keenest sensibility and most fervid imagination, convinced of guilt, and fully awake to all the dread realities of eternity.

Sometimes, with all its plainness and solemnity, it is almost comic, like Luther's own humor, as in the dialogues of Bunyan's soul with the Tempter. It possesses, indeed, the elements of a great spiritual drama. The Faust of Goethe is not to be compared with it for truth and depth and vividness. There are but few actors, but those how solemn, how grand, how awful ! An immortal spirit, and its great adversary the devil, are in almost unceasing conflict ; but such a stamp of reality, such discrimination, such flashing of lights, such crossing of the swords of Michael and of Satan, such a revelation of the power of divine truth, and of the blessed ministration of the Spirit of God, you can find nowhere else out of the Bible. It is a great battle ; heaven and hell are contending ; you have the gleam of armor, the roar of artillery, fire and smoke and blood-red vapor, in which oftentimes the combatants themselves are lost from your view.

You follow with intense interest the movements of Bunyan's soul. You seem to see a lonely bark driving across the ocean in a hurricane. By

the flashes of the lightning you can just discern her through the darkness, plunging and laboring fearfully in the midnight tempest, and you think that all is lost; but there again you behold her in the quiet sunshine; or the moon and the stars look down upon her, as the wind breathes softly; or in a fresh and favorable gale she flies across the flying waters. Now it is clouds and rain and hail and rattling thunder, storms coming down as sudden, almost, as the lightning; and now again her white sails glitter in heaven's light, like an Albatross in the spotless horizon. The last glimpse you catch of her, she is gloriously entering the harbor, the haven of eternal rest; yea, you see her like a star, that in the morning of eternity dies into the light of Heaven. Can there be any thing more interesting, than thus to follow the perilous course of an immortal soul, from danger to safety, from conflict to victory, from temptation to triumph, from suffering to blessedness, from the City of Destruction to the City of God!

Bunyan's genius I had almost said was *created* by his piety; the fervor and depth of his religious feelings formed its most important elements of power, and its materials to work upon. His genius also pursued a path dictated by his piety, and one that no other being in the world ever pursued before him. The light that first broke through his darkness was light from heaven. It found him, even that being who wrote the *Pilgrim's Progress*, coarse, profane, boisterous, and almost brutal. It shone before him, and with a single eye he followed it, till his native City of Destruction could no longer be seen in the

distance, till his moral deformities fell from him, and his garments became purity and light. The Spirit of God was his teacher; the very discipline of his intellect was a spiritual discipline; the conflicts that his soul sustained with the powers of darkness were the very sources of his intellectual strength.

Southey called the experience of this man, in one stage of it, a burning and feverish enthusiasm. The poet Cowper, in one of his beautiful letters to Lady Hesketh, after describing his own feelings, remarks, "What I have written would appear like enthusiasm to many, for we are apt to give that name to every warm affection of the mind in others, which we have not experienced in ourselves." It would have been the truth, as well as the better philosophy, if Southey had said that the Spirit of God was preparing Bunyan, by that severe discipline, to send forth into the world the *Pilgrim's Progress*. And when he was at length prepared for the task, then an overruling Providence placed him, through the instrumentality of his own enemies, in the prison of Bedford to accomplish it.

Bunyan's imagination was powerful enough, in connection with his belief in God's superintending Providence, to array his inward trials with a sensible shape, and external events with a light reflected from his own experience; hopes and fears were friends and enemies, acting in concert with them, all things he met with in the world were friends or enemies likewise, according as they aided or opposed his spiritual life. He acted always under one character, the Christian soldier, realizing in his own

conflicts and conquests the progress of his own Pilgrim. Therefore his book is a perfect reality in oneness as a whole, and in every page a book not of imagination and shadows, but of realities experienced. To those who have never set out on this pilgrimage, nor encountered its dangers, it is interesting, as would be a book powerfully written of travels in an unknown romantic land. Regarded as a work of original genius simply, without taking into view its spiritual meaning, it is a wonder to all, and cannot cease to be. Though a book of personification and allegory, it enchants the simplest child, as powerfully, almost, as the story of Aladdin and his lamp, or the adventures of Sindbad the Sailor, or the history of Robinson Crusoe himself. It is interesting to all who have any taste for poetical beauty, in the same manner as Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, or we might mention, especially for the similar absorbing interest we take in all that happens to the hero, the *Odyssey* of Homer.

And yet its interest for the imagination is in reality the smallest portion of its power; and it will be pleasing to the imagination just in proportion as the mind of the reader has been accustomed to interpret the things of this life by their connection with another, and by the light that comes from that world to this. A reader who has not formed this habit, nor ever felt that he is a stranger and pilgrim in a world of temptations and snares, can see but half the beauty of such poetry as fills this work, because it cannot make its appeal to his own experience; for him there is nothing within, that tells more certainly than any process of judgment or criticism the truth and sweet-

ness of the picture ; there is no reflection of its images, nor interpretation of its meaning in his own soul. The Christian, the actual pilgrim, reads it with another eye. It comes to his heart. It is like a painting meant to be exhibited by fire-light ; the common reader sees it by day. To the Christian it is a glorious transparency ; and the light that shines through it, and gives its incidents such life, its colors such depth, and the whole scene such a surpassing glory, is light from eternity, the meaning of heaven.

I repeat it, therefore, as truth very evident, that the true beauty of the allegory in the Pilgrim's Progress can be felt only by a religious mind. No one, indeed, can avoid admiring it. The honest nature in the characters, their homely truth, the simplicity and good sense of the conversations, the beauty of the incidents, the sweetness of the scenery through which the reader is conducted, the purity of the language,

"The humorous vein, strong sense and simple style,
To teach the gayest, make the gravest smile,"

all these things to the eye of the severest critic are beautiful, and he who loves to read Shakspeare will admire them, and on common ground. But such a reader, in respect to the veiled beauty of the allegory, is like a deaf man, to whom you speak of the sweetness of musical sounds. Of the faithfulness with which Bunyan has depicted the inward trials of the Christian conflict, of the depth and power of the appeal, which that book makes to the Christian's heart, of the accuracy and beauty of the map

therein drawn of the dealings of the Spirit of God in leading the sinner from the City of Destruction to Mount Zion above, he knows and can conceive nothing. It is like Milton's daughters reading aloud from his Hebrew Bible to the blind poet, while they could only pronounce the words, but were ignorant of the sacred meaning, nor could divine the nature of the inspiration it excited in his soul. Little can such a reader see

"Of all that power of prospect,
Whereof many thousands tell."

And I might go on to express, in Wordsworth's delightful poetry, what is the utmost of the admiration excited by a common and not a Christian perusal of the Pilgrim's Progress.

"The western sky did recompense us well
With Grecian Temple, minaret and bower;
And in one part a minster with its tower
Substantially expressed.
Many a glorious pile
Did we behold; fair sights that might repay
All disappointment. And as such the eye
Delighted in them; but we felt the while
We should forget them.
The grove, the sky built temple, and the dome,
Though clad in colors beautiful and pure,
Find in the heart of man no natural home.
The immortal mind craves objects that endure."

Yes! it is perfectly true that no critical admiration of this work, overlooking its immortal meaning, sees any thing of its enduring beauty; to look at it aright, we need a portion of the same spiritual faith, by which it was inspired, by which only it can be explained.

"Who scoffs these sympathies
Makes mock of the Divinity within."

In the light of eternity this book is as far superior to a common poem of this world, or of man's temporal being and affections, as the soul of man is superior to the clod it inhabits. Whatever connects itself with man's spiritual being, turns his attention to spiritual interests and realities, and rouses his imagination to take hold on eternity, possesses, the mere philosopher would say, a dignity and power, with which nothing else can be invested. Religion does this. In her range of contemplation there is truer and deeper poetry, than in the whole world, and all man's being else. Dr. Johnson, in his life of Waller, advances the strange opinion that devotion is not a fit subject for poetry, and in his dogmatical way dedicates some space to an inquiry why it is so. "Contemplative poetry," he says, "or the intercourse between God and the human soul, cannot be poetical. Man, admitted to implore the mercy of his Creator, is already in a higher state, than poetry can confer. The essence of poetry is invention; such invention as, by producing something unexpected, surprises and delights. The topics of devotion are few, and being few, are universally known, but few as they are, they can be made no more; they can receive no grace from novelty of sentiment, and very little from novelty of expression." In this sweeping style Johnson proceeds with criticism that, notwithstanding our deference for his great intellect, might be shown, on philosophical grounds, to be as poor, as the assertions are authoritative. The very definition of poetry is a most degrading one; and it is the only one to which the reasoning will at all apply; the whole passage

shows what a low estimate and false views the “wits” of the “Augustan Age” of English literature possessed of the greatest of all intellectual subjects. It would not have been thought that a being who could admire the *Pilgrim’s Progress* as Johnson did, would have reasoned in this manner. That book itself is a refutation of the sentiment quoted; so is Cowper’s *Task*; so is Blair’s *Grave*; so is even George Herbert’s little volume of *Devotional Poetry*.

And how can it be otherwise? If man is not a mere creature of this world, if his vision is not restricted to the shadows that have closed around him, if he is connected with another, an eternal world, a world of higher intelligences, of angels, and arch-angels, and beings free from sin;—a world, where the Creator of this and of all worlds manifests his immediate presence, where the veil of flesh will no longer be held before the eye of the soul;—and if, by the revelation which God has made, and by communion with his Maker through Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life, man becomes acquainted by inward experience, and by that faith, which is the soul’s spiritual vision, with the powers of that world to come,—then will those far seen visions, and all the objects of this world on which light from that world falls, and all man’s thoughts, affections and movements in regard to that world, possess an interest, and wear a glory, that makes them more appropriately the province of the poetical imagination than any other subjects in the universe. And the poetry of this world will rise in magnificence, in proportion as it borrows or reflects the light from that.

“ From worlds not quickened by the sun
A portion of the gift is won ;
An intermingling of Heaven’s pomp is spread
On ground which British shepherds tread !”

All truth to the humble mind, is poetry: spiritual truth is eminently so. We long to witness a better understanding of its sublime laws, an acknowledgment of its great fountain, and a more worthy appreciation of its nature; to have it felt and acknowledged that there is poetry in this world, only because light from heaven shines upon it, because it is full of hieroglyphics, whose meaning points to the Eternal World, because man is immortal, and this world is only the habitation of his infancy, and possesses power to rouse his imagination only in proportion as it is invested with moral grandeur by his own wonderful destiny, and by the light reflected down upon it from the habitation of angels. All on earth is shadow, and all in heaven is substance. Truly as well as feelingly did Burke exclaim, “What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!” We are encompassed by shadows and flitting apparitions and semi-transparencies, that wear the similitude of greatness, only because they are near us, and interposed between our vision, and the world of eternal reality and light. Man of the world! you know not what poetry is, till you know God, and can hail in every created thing the manifestation of omnipresent Deity! Look at the highest creations of the art, and behold how they owe their power over the human soul to the presence of the Idea of that Being, the thought of whom transfigures the movements of the imagination with glory, and makes language itself almost divine! What

is it that gives to Coleridge's Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouney, the deep, unutterable sublimity, that awes the soul into worship, and suffuses the eye with swelling tears? What, but the thought of Him, to whose praise that stupendous mountain, with its sky-pointing peaks and robe of silent cataracts, rises like a cloud of incense from the earth?—

“Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
 Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
 Beneath the keen, full moon? Who bade the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers,
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
 God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow
 And in their perilous fall, shall thunder, God!”

There is a spiritual world, and it is a world of light and grandeur! Man's relation to it is the greatest theme, that poet or philosopher ever yet exercised his powers upon. It broods over him like the day, a master o'er a slave,

“A presence, which is not to be put by!”

The truths that man is fallen, exposed because of sin to the just indignation of God, in peril of his soul forever, the object of all the stupendous histories and scenes of revelation recorded in the Bible, surrounded by dangers, and directed how to avoid them, pointed to Heaven, and told what to do that he may enter there, and watched in all his course with anxiety by heavenly spirits, do, rightly considered, throw round every spiritual movement a thrilling, absorbing interest; an interest, for the individual who knows and feels it personally, too deep and awful, till he is in a place of safety, to be the

subject of poetry. He can no more command attention to the sublimity of his situation, than Lot, hurried by the hand of the angel to Zoar, with the storm of fire rushing after him, could have stood to admire burning Sodom and Gomorrah. It was not amidst his distressing conflicts with the Enemy, when it seemed as if his soul would be wrested from his body, that a thought of the Pilgrim's Progress came in upon the Author's mind. It was when the Fiend had spread his dragon wings and fled forever, and the hand came to him with leaves from the Tree of Life, and the presence of God gladdened him, and on the mountain summit, light shone around him, and a blessed prospect stretched before him, with the Celestial City at its close, that that sweet vision rose upon his view. To the Pilgrim, looking back from a safe resting place, all the way is fraught with poetical recollections and associations. His imagination now sees a spiritual life full of beauty. In the new light that shines upon him, he loves to retrace it again and again, and to lift his hands in grateful, speechless wonder at the unutterable goodness of the Lord of the Way. He is like Jacob, sleeping in the open air of Padan Aram, and dreaming of Heaven. Angels of God are ascending and descending continually before his sight. His are no longer the

"Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,"

but the rejoicings of a weary Pilgrim, on whose forehead the mark of Heaven has been placed, and who sees close at hand his everlasting rest. Once within the straight gate, and in the holy confidence

of being a Pilgrim bound from the City of Destruction to the City of Immanuel, and all past circumstances of trial or danger, or of unexpected relief and security, wears a charmed aspect. Light from a better world shines upon them. Distance softens and lends enchantment to the view. Proof from experience, as well as warnings from above, show how many dangerous places he has passed, how many concealed and malignant enemies were here and there lying in ambush around him, and in how many instances there were hair-breadth escapes from ruin. There were the Slough of Despond, the fiery darts at the entrance to the Wicket Gate, the hill Difficulty, that pleasant arbor where he lost his roll of assurance, the lions that so terrified him, when in the darkness of evening he could not see that they were chained; there was that dark valley of the Shadow of Death, and that dread conflict with Apollyon before it. There were those fearful days and nights passed in the Dungeon of the Castle of Giant Despair, and the joyful escape from his territories. There were the Land Beulah, and the Delectable Mountains, and the Enchanted Ground, and all the glimpses of the Holy City, not dream-like, but distinct and full of glory, breaking in upon the vision, to last in the savor of them, for many days and nights of the blessed pilgrimage! Ingenious Dreamer, who could invest a life of such realities with a coloring so full of Heaven! Who can wonder at the affectionate sympathy, with which a heart like Cowper's was wont to turn to thee!

“And e’en in transitory life’s late day
That mingled all his brown with sober gray,
Revere the man, whose PILGRIM marks the road,
And guide the PROGRESS of the soul to God.”